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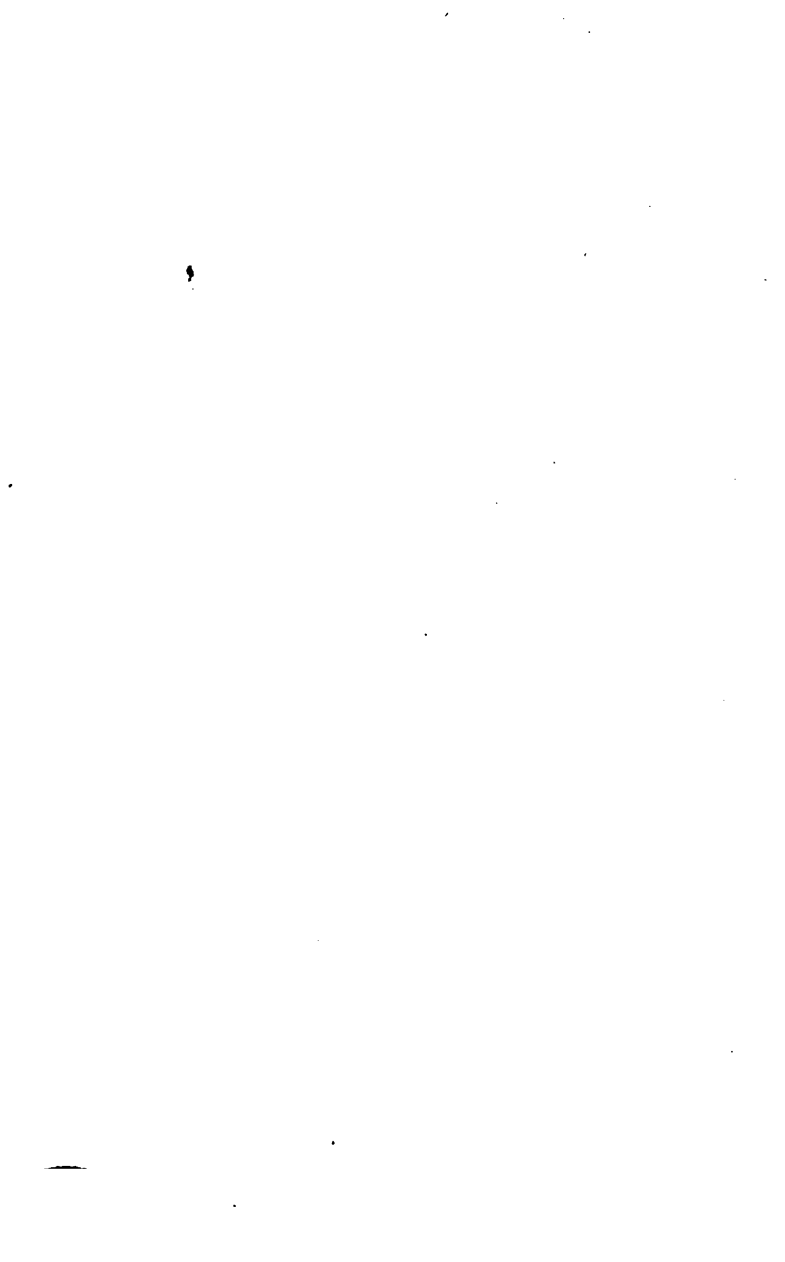
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IO IN EGYPT,

AND OTHER POEMS.





IO IN EGYPT,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

RICHARD GARNETT.



LONDON :

BELL AND DALDY, 186, FLEET STREET.

1859.


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Harvard College Library.

Nov. 14, 1891.

LOWELL BEQUEST.



OME of the pieces in this volume
were published anonymously in
1858, under the title of “ Primula, a Book
of Lyrics.”







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IO IN EGYPT.



O palm-grove, green 'mid lion-coloured
sands,

No forest-heaving mount, no river coil'd

Involving in clear silver fair cham-
paigns,

Saw Io, mad and dizzied vagabond,

Full thirty days, so long the visible wrath

Of Hera as a gad-fly followed her.

First from the awful pinnacle whereon,

Like a wreck'd star, the lorn Prometheus lay,

Precipitated. Pine on pine was crash'd ;

Stone—dusty, fiery—bounded after stone ;

The startled eagle's scream, a moment's space,

Vanquish'd the clash of cataracts. Then on

Through deep Armenia, where the baffled snow

Glares on the plenteous mulberry secure
In sheltering glens. Then headlong through the
still

Mesopotamia's splash'd unbroken plain ;
Then ever-hungering deserts, no man's land,
By Syria and Arabia both disown'd :
Till her strength fail'd her, and she fell at once,
Unwitting where.

Grey-cushion'd on soft mist,
Fumed from broad fens, reposed the sullied moon.
A slow stream nursed her image, as a weak,
Down-couching mother holds her new-born babe
Up toward the father's face. Green curtainers,
The rigid reeds upstood, and tressy sedge
Bathed in the water. Ever and anon
The crocodile plunged stone-like ; herded bulks
Of tumbling, snorting hippopotami,
Churn'd the smooth light, or, drippingly emerged,
Pash'd the tall-flowering marsh where Io slept.

She woke in sunlight. As an alchymist
From crucible to chalice, Libya pour'd
A molten flood on Egypt. Golden sheets
Unbeaded by a bubble. Like a cloud

Ibis and pelican and feathery rose
Of flush'd flamingo hover'd o'er the stream.
Where the wing'd anguish ? vanish'd ! In its stead
Stood mighty female forms, austere proud
In the calm grandeur of colossal limbs.
Linen their raiment, needle-wrought with gold,
Gold-cinctured, billowing on the bosom, sunk
Decorous to the bulrush-sandall'd feet.
Braided the hair on each dark front serene,
Jet-spiked by each smooth ear. Their almond eyes
Dwelt mildly on the prostrate one, their hands
Shook silverly the sistrum while they said :—

“ The land of refuge hails thee ! Hera's frown
Melts in maternal Isis gravely mild.
Come, Io—Io, come—and be our queen.

The millet thickens, and the joyous vine
Runs riot in the Mareotic marsh ;
The palm is doubly plumed, gourds doubly gild
The earth by Io gladden'd with a queen.

I listen'd from the island in the Nile ;
The waves were musical, the wheeling stars

Chimed in their courses, from the looming fane
Low'd sacred Apis, and the voice of all
Saluted Io coming to be queen.

A sound goes forth from Ethiopia ;
The hills unlock their fountains, burden'd clouds
Unsluice their murky waters, rills with rain
Roll, rage and roar ; soon Nile with mighty floods
Comes crowding on the land and blesses it—
More blest with Io coming to be queen.

The dusky faces swarm into the streets ;
They wait for thee with leopards leash'd in gold,
With ebon, ivory, frankincense, and myrrh.
The cymbals clash around Amenophis
Sole-sitting in his royal seat ; his lords
Look forth and hear him crying : ' See ye aught
Of my dark sisters and my golden queen ? ' ”


Then went she with them. Through plains,
water-like
With the green millet's glimmer ; past the huts
Huddled in date-trees ; where the sifted sand
Lock'd the laborious foot, and camels lay

Cool in the shadow of the pyramid ;
Through avenues enormous, sphinx on sphinx,
And pillar'd streets and shouting multitudes.
So to the palace, nich'd with gilded forms
Of god and sage, and bright with giant kings
Warring for ever on the pictured frieze ;
Then the great court, awful with deities,
Where press'd Amenophis his vivid throne,
That seem'd a golden glowing apple, roll'd
From the bent knees of his colossal gods.



THE POPE'S DAUGHTER.

A CONVERSATION PIECE.

 HE Duke has craft, but very hard
To shun the bowl and poniard.
His dish is tasted? Vain device!

‘Bring me a goblet cool’d with ice,’
Some hot noon, hawking, will he cry,
And drink, and wither presently.
Or some white mistress sleek and trim
Will stab the while she fondles him,
Or sour the nectar of her kiss
With frothy venom—”

Saying this
In his red arm-chair backward lay
Pope Alexander Borgia,
And smiled, and presently he slept.

But Cæsar and Lucretia kept
A watch, and saw smooth sleep unplough
The rugged lemon-coloured brow,

And calmness spread out from the hinge
Of the small eyelid to its fringe,
And the gross mouth made meek and tame,
Until their sire seem'd not the same,
But even a venerable man.

"Look at him," Cæsar said (and ran
His foot about, rolling the crown
Tiaral, by the Pope set down
With care upon the velvet mat;)
"My chaste Lucretia, how is't that
The world will chide thee for the kiss
Of one so fatherly as this?"
And smiled an unambiguous smile.

She answer'd: "Cæsar, thou art vile,
That, seeing well, as thou dost see,
How there is that, which not to be
Would bribe Lucretia to part
(Her golden hair and her high heart
Excepted only) with her all,
With bitter sneer thou dost recall
The ugly stain which he doth hide
From himself in slumber."

At his side

She rose up, as a dragon doth
When hounds crash through the undergrowth,
Luminous, fire-like. Down her roll'd
Her torrent hair, like sheets of gold
Spear-proof. He hurriedly took up,
With shaking hand, a wineless cup,
And made pretence to empty it,
Then mutter'd for relief :

“ The fit

Of daytide dozing overtakes
Him oftener, day by day he breaks,
And, dew of morn to dew of night,
Our patient foemen put new light
Into their eyes. But in this thing
Is succour.”

Here he press'd the spring
Of a gold box, the lid upflew,
And ghastly vapour waver'd through
The room ; but instantly he shut
The casket down, and stirr'd his foot
To wipe one fallen grainlet out,
And smiled a plotter's smile. About
His handsome face a sneer did pass,

And dark'd it sinisterly, as
A gold-hair'd page's clear-skin'd bloom
Is shadow'd by a vulture-plume.

“ Content thee, man of petty schemes,”
Replied she, “ thou who hast no dreams
Of heaven or hell, but murderest
For some poor dukedoms at the best,
And art, for all thy self-repute,
A sbirro in a soldier's suit.
When slow corruption sucks the shape
From this old over-purple'd grape ;
And thou mayst study in thy scathe
Which mistress has the frailer faith,
And where the postern-key was lost ;
And when the salver, faun-emboss'd,
Whereon these oranges are lain,
Drops in a hot metallic rain ;
And many a vase of mould divine
Is borne to the Trasteverine
By singing ruffians whirling high
These rafters sheeted awfully
With blaze and lustre, till the flame
Roars down to them, and they are tame.

Courage ! This world can feed, alas !
More bravoës even than it has.
Thou wilt wear some one's badge, the best
Condottier and princeliest !
Dice, drink, dance, dazzle, do and die
Ignobly somehow—what care I ?”

Then Cæsar did dissimulate
A sudden sting of angry hate
With an unbrotherly caress :—
“ What of thyself, thou prophetess ?”

She answer'd : “ I am beautiful !
To me our artist-rabble pull
Their caps off joyously ; and so
When our house flames I shall but go
Across the square, and see it burn,
And, if I miss a gem, return
And seek it gaily. Cæsar mine,
Would I had no worse dread than thine !
But all my years have been a strife
To lead an independent life,
Defying all. My very birth—
Pope's daughter ! challenge to the earth !

Ye shake your heads, ye sigh and rue,
But the Pope's daughter laughs at you.
The wine ye see my father pour
At high mass, wets these lips before
Your pious thirstiness ye slake ;
And, will ye will ye not, ye take
The host these fingers have prepared,
That ye would cut off, if ye dared.
But skies o'ercast and billows rage,
And I must seek an anchorage,
And gloss my face decorously,
That kindly folk may say of me :
' Alas ! the world exaggerates
What Charity compassionates ;—
Poor thing ! was she not tried by fire,
With such a brother, such a sire ?
See her great almsdeeds !' Yes, I look
To be the duchess of some duke
You mix'd a bowl for, possibly ;
But ah ! how weary it will be
To squander half the precious time
At vesper-rite and matin-prime ;
To watch a master ever by,
Ruling my temper to his eye ;

To nurse a child on restless knees,
To reprehend the levities
Of maids of honour ; frown down men
I would be kissing ; now and then
Share in the dull pedantic task
Of stiff allegorising masque ;
Applaud a fool with serious face ;
Ride out at no more joyous pace
Than is allow'd by etiquette !
Well, doubt not I shall pay the debt
I owe for safety and respect.
But if, some stormy twilight, wreck'd
From isles the violent sea beyond,
There come some artist-vagabond
That cannot keep the gold he wins—
Some stringer up of mandolins,
Bard, sketcher, carver,—what care I ?
How I shall watch him with an eye
Alive with meanings fiercely sweet !
Until the man, in his conceit,
Fancies I love him, and perhaps
My duke precautionally wraps
A cord round both our necks."

She broke

Off here, for Alexander woke
And quaff'd, and at Lucretia leer'd
O'er the great chin without a beard.



MELUSINA.

WAS when the loitering eves of idle June
 Like breezeless barks went slow and
 drowsy by,
 And Vesper kindled, and the mellowing moon
 Stood out distinct against the deep-blue sky,
 And the sun's wake, though he had vanish'd quite,
 Edged half the sultry heaven with orange light—

Then, as a prison'd bird that will not sing
 Another song than erst the woodland taught,
 Where once she roved with free unfearful wing,
 So Melusina would not chant of aught
 But the still rivers, and of what may be
 Lock'd in the deep illimitable sea.

And so her songs were fair with fairest shapes
 Of Nixes that in reedy rivers roam,
 And those that haunt the billow-beaten capes,
 Flinging white arms around the flashing foam,

And those that aim their music and their smiles
At seamen shallop-borne past purple isles.

She sang of the strange flowers that ever thrust
Their blooms up towards the heaven they ne'er
 behold,
And caves where pearls lie prodigal as dust,
And spars of veering violet and gold,
And constant shells that evermore retain
The moody music of the murmuring main.

The glowing woof of her bright songs portray'd
Great Neptune awful in the majesty
Of his vast amber palace, pearl-inlaid,
Domed with that mighty emerald, the sea ;
Or shining on his kingdoms like a star,
As brine-born coursers snorted in his car.

Also she chanted of the faëry pride
Of Amphitrite rising on the sea,
When moonbeams kiss it, and the mounting tide
Wantons beneath the argent luxury.
On dolphins' backs the harping Nymphs are borne,
The Tritons swim, and blow upon the horn.

Nor did she shun to tell of those who kiss

The wandering corpse, and bear it to the caves
Lonely and deep, where tempest never is,

Nor any passion in the quiet waves ;
But sweet low ripples stir with languid tone,
And with their voice the spirit blends her own :—

“ Sleep, chilly form, and evermore forget

If thou hadst any wife or children dear,
Or friendly cheek that haply may be wet,

Or eyelash silver'd with a growing tear ;
Soothed to a dumb unalterable rest,
With quiet folded round thee like a vest.

“ The savage wind that vex'd thee with its strife,
The treacherous wave that rose and whelm'd thy
prow—

How gladly would they lay their troubled life

Adown, and rest them here, and be as thou !
Repose for years untold they roam to find,
And still are weary wave and weary wind.”

As one who with a buried lover's ghost

Walks, while the white moon wanders up the sky,

And in the shadowy kisses joys almost

As much as though the living Love were by,
Her yearning spirit did she half appease
With such vague dreams and dim remembrances.



THE REVIVISCENT.

(AFTER LEOPARDI.)



DEEM'D that every gentle thought
 That lent my life a bloom,
 Was dust come utterly to nought,
 And crumbled in the tomb.

In icy bonds my spirit slept
 A drear unnatural sleep—
 O who so worthy to be wept
 As he that cannot weep !

A wasted garden seem'd to me
 My being in that hour,
 A gnawing worm in every tree,
 A blight on every flower.

The lamps of Heaven, in pallor clad,
 Roll'd joylessly along,

No splendour Evening's planet had,
And Evening's bird no song.

I saw proud Beauty's eyes of light
Defrauded of their glow,
And if her hand was yet more white,
'Twas yet more cold than snow.

I would have striven to expire,
And feel my fate no more,
But had no spirit to desire,
And scarcely to deplore.

What brings my olden self again ?
Whence is it that I find
Once more a music in the main ?
A warble in the wind ?

From what unknown forgotten part
Do faded thoughts arise ?
What throbs tumultuous in the heart ?
What quivers in the eyes ?

What lights the star ? what wings the cloud ?
What makes the world appear

Enchanting in the dewy shroud
And dimness of a tear?

I am not fool'd. I know the blot
That sullies Earth's fair breast;
I know that Nature pities not,
And Passion is not blest.

I know the evil days. I know
That all is cold and hard,
That Wisdom has no homage now,
And Virtue no reward.

I hope no light, no love, no praise,
I feel the common scorn,
What is it then that comes and says,
"Thou art not all forlorn?"



THE SHIP'S DREAM.



HE gentle caress of the moon's silver
wand

Wakes not the old vessel that, slumbering
fast,

Lies 'mid the black reefs that engirdle the strand,
And pierces the air with a skeleton mast,

The skeleton mast whence the seamen no more
The sail wind-defying shall proudly outspread;
The deck is untrodden, and shatter'd each oar,—
'Tis the phantom of vessels, a ship of the dead.

But as when the heavens with thunders are loud,
And brilliant with lightning, and batter'd with spray,
A terror-struck sea-bird may light on the shroud,
And follow the bark on her perilous way.

A fugitive dream to the vessel thus glides;
It, charm'd by the kiss of the moonbeam so still,

The lyre of the winds and the lute of the tides,
Stirs through its worn beams with a tremulous thrill ;

And, spectrally dreaming, once more it beholds
The seas of its commerce in cruises of yore,
The ocean her phalanx of billows unfolds,
And there is the island with shadowless shore.

The ever-young mermaids, with mirror and comb,
Throng round the light pinnacle that rocks in the
 bay,
Their arch glances shoot through the feathery foam,
The ring of their laughter resounds far away.

And now the great city lies bright in the sun,
And now the crowds gather and gaze from its quays ;
Hurrah ! for the toils of our voyage are done,
And now for our greeting, our gain, and our ease !

Dream on, stranded bark, by the moonbeam caress'd
With a waning resplendence, dream on of the sea,
Of the port where thy keel never more shall find rest,
Of the wave whose embrace is no longer for thee !

UNDER THE MOON.



HE moonbeams clothe the lake,
 The waters ripple and fret,
 Light winds essay to wake
 The tranced violet.

The nightingale thrills the bough,
 The lily's heart of snows
 Is touch'd and trembling now,
 New blushes fire the rose.

Across the silver lute
 The lover's fingers glide,
 And now the bird is mute,
 The lady's lattice wide,

The gentle ghosts come round,
 Sheeted and wan and cold,
 And weep for the dreary sound
 Of songs so sweet of old.

BARBUD THE MINSTREL.

A STORY FROM FERDUSI.



AT Khosro's court abode a minstrel, named
Serkesch, a poet eloquent and famed—
Versed much in music—sweetly could
he sing,

And gracefully he ever praised the king ;
The nobles honour'd him, and none before
Such estimation with the monarch bore.

Now there was one call'd Barbud, a young man
Whose minstrelsy e'en Serkesch's outran.
To him a friend : " Great Khosro at his due
Rates the musician and his music too ;
Heard he thy strain, then Serkesch's would be
Deposed at once from its bright primacy."
When Barbud heard the saying, thereupon
Content forsook, ambition spurr'd him on ;
To Khosro's court he hasten'd, there to be
Enroll'd among his bards' society.

But Serkesch wise, who critically knew
The young aspirant, and all he could do,
And fear'd his post no longer to retain,
Went craftily to the high chamberlain,
And said, clear-chinking tomans secretly :
“ A minstrel more melodious than I
Stands waiting in the antichamber. Him,
Fearing his art should make mine honour dim,
I pray thee, from the monarch's ear detain.”

As Serkesch ask'd, so did the chamberlain,
And, 'stead of ushering Barbud to his place,
Kept the great door shut firmly in his face.
He, finding the bright dream by him indulged
A dream indeed, thus plotted : “ Undivulged,
I seek the garden, there I find the king,
And honour 'mid the roses' blossoming ;
For there, I hear, when first blithe summer breaks,
The monarch holds high revel two whole weeks ;
Then shall he hear me ; thus will I make vain
The guile of that intriguing chamberlain.”
The gardener then he sought, his bearing sweet
Won the kind man, and thus did he entreat,
Smiling suspicion down : “ I do but pray
A little boon, that thou shouldst, on the day

When first the monarch cometh here, conceal
Me in this leafiness. Must I reveal
The purpose ? truly 'tis but this, to see
The royal presence, while he sees not me."
" Gladly," the gardener said, " in this retreat
Will I seclude thee, only be discreet."
They parted thus, and, when the time was spent,
Barbud arose, and took his instrument,
And clad himself complete from head to foot
In a green dress. A tree that just has put
Its greenness forth, he seem'd ; so in-fit time
Went to that garden glad in summer prime.
There stood a cypress, tree that scarce allows
The piercing sun a passage through its boughs,
And this of all was leafiest and most high.
Up clamber'd Barbud, screen'd from every eye ;
And scarcely had he taken place, when lo !
Came royal Khosro from his halls also.
Sweet-scented broom the gardeners did bring,
And strew'd it as the nobles led the king
To his high throne, fair in the garden's centre,
And then a page did reverently enter,
Bearing red wine, that blithe in crystal laugh'd ;
The monarch took it, and rejoicing quaff'd ;

And glowing rounds, till Even-star was lit,
The flagon made, and nobles emptied it.
Then, lo ! from out the tall dark cypress-tree
Sounded a strain of magic melody ;
Arbour and avenue it rapt, and all
The twilight thrill'd with murmurs musical ;
Astonish'd hearken'd all, and whispers ran :
“ Who, who can be this wonder-working man ? ”
But Serkesch heard in terror, for his wit
Divined the music, and who waken'd it ;
Guessing with truth that Barbud's lute alone
Of all on earth could thrill with such sweet tone.
The king exclaim'd in rapture : “ Well I know
No common spirit fires with such a glow
The listening heart within me. Search and try
Where this rare soul is hidden privily.”
The seekers roam the garden round and bring
No minstrel back. Then Serkesch to the king :
“ The deeds that task the straining trump of Fame
The roses and the cypresses proclaim.”
Again the page the blushing beaker bore,
And Khosro rear'd it to his lips once more,
When, hark ! from out the cypress gloom there
sounded

Another note, that every ear astounded,
So wild, so clear, so thrilling ! Every leaf
Trembled with giddy rapture and sweet grief;
And Khosro, throbbing through each quicken'd vein,
Emptied the goblet, crying : " Seek again !
Rest never till ye find and bring to me
The fount of this delicious melody."
The observant menials straight his bidding wrought,
Lanterns and tapers speedily they brought,
And search'd the alleys and the groves around,
Peer'd in each bush, and nothing more they found
Than pheasants fluttering in their rosy shrine.
Where was the singer ? they could not divine.
Again the king upraised the cup, again
Breathed forth the unimaginable strain
From the conceal'd youth, a green in green.
Each lord sat petrified, as he had been
A rock ; but from the seat whereon he was
Sprang Khosro in an ecstasy, his glass
He flung from him ; in many a shining piece
Lay the rich cup, wine spiced with ambergris
Rubied the ground. " Not Djins, not Peris sing
A note like his," enchanted cried the king ;
" Search all the garden through ! leave not one bed

Or even a single rose unvisited.
Pearls shall bedeck him, gold on him be pour'd,
And stately his precedence at my board."
When Barbud heard the royal proffer, he
Dropp'd from his cypress-covert instantly,
And, fitting music to his strings anew,
Came luting down the lordly avenue.
The spell melodious, with enchantment sweet,
Held captive all, he fell at Khosro's feet;
And Khosro: "Wondrous bard, unspeakable
The joy thou givest, who thou art now tell."
Barbud: "I am the servant of my king,
And his delight my sole endeavouring.
Long since had I essay'd this feeble skill,
But ever-envious Serkesch barr'd me still."
As at spring's smile the blossom-donning grove,
Bloom'd Khosro with delight and noble love,
Yet, tremulous with wrath, to Serkesch turn'd:
"Why keptest him aloof? Thy spite has earn'd
Like anger as our love for him is meant;
Hence! while we think upon thy punishment."

Then banquetted he long, while voice and string
Labour'd together for his ravishing,


And hung on the enchanted melodies
Till slumber's seal was set upon his eyes.

Thus Barbud rose to honour, and became
Of Persia's minstrels first in place and fame.



SIR ISUMBRAS.*

A FRAGMENT.

LOW-MUSING, down the birchen-
border'd pass
Rode the good cheerful knight, Sir
Isumbras.

Grey seem'd he, batter'd, weather-stain'd and old,
As some dim rock amid a heathery wold ;
And stooping with a head unhelm'd and low,
And one hand leaning on his saddle-bow ;
Yet with a mien most martial, and an eye
Persuasive in its sweet limpidity.
Huge was his steed and black, and golden glow'd
His armour ever sounding as he rode.
The wind blew fresh and keen, the foxglove shook,
The bee clung hard, the iris lash'd the brook ;
Brief were the whinchat's flights, her twitterings lost,
And all the knight's grey hair was rough'd and tost.

At first the path was moorish, wild, and strew'd

D

after a fiction by William

With blocks of glittering spar, and boulders rude ;
You saw the buzzard poised without a stir,
You heard the dry unwearying grasshopper,
And on each bulging bank you might discern
Sprinkles of blood-red heath and pallid fern.
Then lank and hardy oats, then strong-set rows
Of wheat slow-ripening in its hawthorn close.
Next woodlands, throng'd with many a soaring stem
Of saw-leaved oak, pale ash, and bossy elm ;
Then the spread sunniness of ample meads,
And streams for ever singing to their reeds,
With many a silvery gush and chiming fall,
Till the great river came and took them all.

Here, the mysterious child of hoary years,
A bridge lean'd heavy on its ivied piers.
Rude seem'd it and forlorn, and morsels grey
Kept dropping in the silent stream away.
One arch was sapp'd, the wreck lay cavern'd deep
Asleep in waves that seem'd themselves asleep. .
Sir Isumbras wheel'd round, and slow explored
The willowy bank, if he might find a ford.

AUTUMN. LEAVES.*



SAW their young unsullied green
 By winds invisible caress'd,
 That stirr'd up all the emerald sheen
 As lover's tongue stirs lover's breast,

I saw the stain'd October burn
 With branding reds and yellows gay ;—
 Rain dash'd them on the shrivell'd fern,
 Or sad winds whisper'd them away.

How children, void of care or ruth,
 Piled them for fire, I next beheld :
 " 'Tis ever so," I said, " that youth
 Treads out the smouldering ash of eld."

Stray'd from some old forgotten year
 Yet seem'd those russet girls to be ;
 Thine, Autumn, their array austere,
 And thine their sweet solemnity.

after a picture by Millais


A still defence, a slow attack
Possess'd the eve half flush'd, half wan ;—
'Twas Autumn falling, falling back,
And Winter stealing, stealing on.

The purples of the lower hill,
The summit's soft departing light,
The nestling hamlet shut and still,
And sinking slowly into night,

The isled clouds, the lonely trees,
The relic gold that hemm'd the blue
In utmost west—I saw all these—
But O to see and paint them too !



THE ISLAND OF SHADOWS.

 ES, Cara mine, I know that I shall stand
 Upon the seashore soon,
 And watch the waves that die upon the
 strand,
 And the immortal moon.

One mew will hover 'mid the drowsy damp
 That clogs the breezes there,
 One star suspend her solitary lamp,
 High in the viewless air.

My straining eyes will mark a distant oar,
 Grazing the supple sea,
 And a light pinnace speeding to the shore,
 And in it thou wilt be.

The empty veins with life no more are warm,
 The eyes no longer shine,
 The pale star gazes through the pallid form,
 What matter? thou art mine.

The Love which, while it walk'd the earth, could
meet

No place to lay its head,
Now reigns unchallenged in the winding-sheet,
Nor fears its kindred dead.

For Love dwells with the dead, though more sedate,
Chasten'd, and mild it seems ;
While Avarice, Envy, Jealousy, and Hate,
With them are only dreams.

I step into the boat, our steady prone
Furrows the still moonlight ;
The sea is merry with our plashing oar,
With our quick rudder white.

No word has pass'd thy lips, but yet I know
Well where our course will be ;
We leave the worn-out world—is it not so?—
The uncorrupted sea

To cross, and gain some isle in whose sweet shade
Even Slavery is free ;
And careless Care on smoothest rose-leaves laid
Becomes Tranquillity.

Far, far the haunts where, robed in gory weeds,
Grim War his court doth hold,
And mumbling Superstition counts his beads,
And Avarice his gold.

But Love and Death, the comrades and the twins,
Uninterrupted reign ;
Where is it that one ends and one begins ?
And are they one or twain ?

And all is like thy soul, pensive and fair,
Veil'd in a shadowy dress,
And strewn with gems more rich were they more
rare,
And steep'd in balminess.


No drossy shape of earthliness appears
On the phantastic coast,
No grosser sound strikes the attuned ears,
Than footfall of a ghost.

Seclusion, quiet, silence, slumber, dreams,
No murmur of a breath ;
The same still image on the same still streams,
Of Love caressing Death.

So let us hasten, Love ! our steady prore
Furrows the still moonlight ;
The sea is merry with our plashing oar,
With our quick rudder white.



MORE.

O-DAY I am a beggar poor,
 And pitiful to see,
 And take my staff across the moor,
 And come, dear heart, to thee,

And knock at thy beloved door,—
 What wilt thou give to me?
 Take of the shining silver—more
 I cannot give to thee.

Of paltry silver, pale and poor,
 Give not, my Love, to me.
 See, here is gold, a little store,
 Yet will I give to thee.

'Twas not the ruddy gold could bring
 Me praying to thy door.
 Take then this little true-love ring,
 And ask me for no more.

Fair is the dainty golden band,
And yet must I implore.
Then with the ring behold the hand ;
How can I give thee more ?



BEFORE THE STORM.



MAJESTY of night!

The constant moon and stars

Pursued their westward path

In cold tranquillity, nor ever turn'd

One sidelong glance, to scan

Their spotless beauty tremulously glass'd

In the eternal mirror of the main.

Faint unsubstantial clouds,

Rapid as Panic, white as ghosts, sped on;

Like guilty thoughts of night, unmeet to brave

The awful splendour of the moon's pure eye.

The restless Sea rock'd on

Like a child's cradle, like a nurse the while

She croon'd her endless, soft, irregular lay.

Now to the rugged cliff

The delicate foam with humid kisses clung,

And now retreated coy;

As saying, " Kiss me not

Before the virgin moon and quiet stars.

What do they know of Love ?

The silent, the immutable, who pace

The self-same path for ever, as they shed

The self-same splendours from the self-same skies !

What do they know of Love ?

How shall they comprehend

The tempest of my heart,

The magic of my smile,

My stormy passions and my sudden calms ?

Wait, patient Rock, but wait

For nights without a moon,

For skies without a star,

For hurricanes unchain'd !

Wait for the sea-bird shrieking in the gust,

The sailor battling with the deep, and then,


I shake my briny locks,

I soar up from my bed,

And, thrilling with my multitude of waves,

I fall upon thy neck !”

AFTER THE STORM.

 HE fitful wind, at length assuaged,
 Seems wailing o'er its passion past ;
 Ocean, the rude and fierce, has raged
 Itself to drear repose at last.

We see the goblin moonbeam chase
 The rolling clouds from off her way—
 They gaze an instant on her face,
 And white as spectres flee away.

Like strips of glittering canvas, strewn
 Upon the breezes here and there,
 Bathed in the chill unheavenly moon,
 The seamews flicker through the air ;

Or, with loud flaps and shrilly screams,
 Surround the mangled vessel, borne
 A helpless mass of spars and beams
 By the rude waves, that in the morn

She rode so proudly ; on whose deck
The seaman shivers to descry,
Now a rough mass of shapeless wreck,
And now a corpse go weltering by.

The sullen surge's plash and moan,
The tempest fading from the sea,
Seem blended to a common tone
To chant the sailor's elegy :—

“ Thy billowy way, pale corse, pursue,
Nor fear to voyage till thou gain
The quiet deeps that never knew
The tumults of the upper main.

“ Coffin'd in coral there to rest,
'Mid the strange flowers that on our skies
Ne'er gaze, where rocks in pearls are drest,
And Ocean's anthem swells and dies,

“ And quires, ' O blest to whom has been
Vouchsafed to know, as knows the Sea,
What storm and wrathful passion mean,
And what repose and peace may be ! ”

THE BOX OF DIAMONDS.



HE West had paled, against the dark
 opaque
 Sharpen'd the moon her lustrous scimeter,
 And Vesper, lovely courier of the night,
 Stood gleaming on the sky 'mid frailer fires,
 And bicker'd in the many-rippled sea ;
 And still we, tarrying by the waters, watch'd
 Their shallow fawning, treacherous and cold,
 On perilous sands whence warning rockets cleft
 Grey night with purple bolts, revealing half
 The half-built lighthouse looming on the main.

“ Even so,” the Fisher said. “ She cried aloud :
 ‘ O Father save me ! ’ while the ravenous fires
 Ran roaring round her, and the high-piled waves
 Crash'd in white ruin on the shiver'd deck.
 How should he save her, who had bound his arms
 With chains of Indian gold, whose quaking hands
 The blood and flame of Ethiopic gems

Loaded with splendour and a daughter's death?
Yet, father, hadst thou known she held the box,
The box of diamonds, bought with half thy crimes,
Spring-shut in mirroring steel! No, thus he saw
His daughter's soul go white into the fire,
And hoarded every tear. Sudden the thought
Branded him to the marrow. Up he sprang
With lips a-foam, and stamps of gasping rage,
Threatening new ruin, till a seaman's blow
Crimson'd his yellow forehead, and he fell,
Letting his jewels slide into the maw
Of the insatiate sea, and there they lie—
He there."

And then he signall'd with his staff
A crumbling mound, half suck'd and worn away
By Ocean's bitter lips.

"And what," I cried,
"Yon whiteness shining on the shining cliff,
Snow upon snow?"

"Great Heaven," he loud exclaim'd,
"The ghost again! Nay, Sir, we need not fly,
She never harm'd,—and yet my blood is chill."

And truly, on she came. A hueless wraith,

Transparent to the moon, yet sultry fire
Devoured the dusky caverns of her orbs,
And water started from her weedy hair.
In her left hand she held the fatal box,
Her right roam'd for the spring—in vain! “O Sire,”
With pleading voice she passionately cried,
“I know that, mouldering, thou yet cursest me
For keeping back thy wealth; but is it kept?
Behold it rescued from the greedy main.
Arise and take, why tarriest thou?” She flung
Herself upon the pebbly pile, and tore
With spectral fingers impotent, and cried,
“Come forth, thou dumb and hoary torturer!”
When, lo! a church-clock boom'd, and all we saw
Was the mean grave, the curve of barren beach,
The drifted wreck, the fireballs' lurid path,
In heaven the moon, and in the main her ghost
Rising and falling with the restless wave.



THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

FORTY Viziers saw I go
 Up to the Seraglio,
 Burning, each and every man,
 For the fair Circassian.

Ere the morn had disappear'd,
 Every Vizier wore a beard ;
 Ere the afternoon was born,
 Every Vizier came back shorn.

“ Let the man that woos to win
 Woo with an unhairy chin ;”
 Thus she said, and as she bid
 Each devoted Vizier did.

From the beards a cord she made,
 Loop'd it to the balustrade,
 Glided down, and went away
 To her own Circassia.

When the Sultan heard, wax'd he
Somewhat wroth, and presently
In the noose themselves did lend
Every Vizier did suspend.

Sages all, this rhyme who read,
Of your beards take prudent heed,
And beware the wily plans
Of the fair Circassians.



THE VISIT TO THE SAGE.



ATTAIN'D at last ! A weary climb
 Up dizzying coils of crazy stairs !
 Come in, and we will sit a time.

Here, nested higher than the crow
 That loves the belfry, may we scan
 The giant city's sleep below.

The spires, the walls, the tombs, the moats,
 The house-roofs glinting to the moon,
 The shadowy stream and drowsy boats.

And he will show some marvel new,
 Some phial dancing with a sprite,
 Or torch that flares a ghastly blue.

Some starry prophecy unroll'd,
 Or alkahest whose pale content
 Is slowly warming into gold.

Or else unrobe the wondrous glass
O'er which, its lurid veil withdrawn,
The glimmering phantoms greyly pass.

They rivet with an iron eye,
They beckon with an airy hand,
At last they vanish silently.

But heavens ! how wild the chamber looks,
O'erspread with talisman and scroll,
And rents of red alchemic books !

A smoke-wreath, desolate and grey,
Hangs lingering like a soul forlorn
That must and dare not pass away.

And shatter'd flasks o'erstrew the room,
And spirits fly their brittle cells,
Escaping with a pungent fume.

Is this a vest ? a lock of hair ?
What are these glaring streaks that change
The ebon of the carven chair ?

One of the casements rent and split
With all its bars? Then we may say
With tongue assured, it was through it

The demon hurried him away.



THE SEED AND THE FLOWER.




ROUND its neck the Fairy cast
 Her arms, but it was bleeding fast;
 The meek white coat was glaring red,—
 The poor, poor Fawn ! how hard it bled !

And wheresoe'er a blood-drop fell
 A glory kindled on the dell;
 Some stained rose, all crimson-wet,
 Or deep unnatural violet.

The roses and the violets grew
 And shut the dying Fawn from view;
 The violets and the roses spread,
 And arch'd above the Fairy's head.

And they who came and wander'd there
 Admired how flowers should be so fair,
 And praised the rich perfumed breath,
 And saw no fawn, or blood, or death.

ÆGISTHUS.

HAT ails the weak unhappy breeze
 That ceaselessly it wanders on,
 And sorrows like the soul that sees
 An evil waiting to be done?
 The shed leaf whirls, the tree is bow'd,
 Faint lines the lake's sereneness mar,
 And slowly falls a veil of cloud
 On Heaven's solitary star.

The moon is buried far away,
 No meteor flies with fiery trace
 Past Night's slow car, nor any ray
 Will fire thy pale resolved face.
 Unveil! ere Morn's accusing flush
 Smites splendour from the eastern sea—
 Then, if the innocent heavens can blush,
 O what a visage thine should be!

There are no ghosts—or all the dead
 I ever loved were surely here

To snatch the slumberer from his bed,
To wrest the dagger from my fear.
His sleep is sound—would it were light !
O had his age a giant's stress !
Thou art my soul's insane delight,
O would thou wert my murderess !



SONNET.

POET, whose unscarr'd feet have trodden
 Hell,
 By what grim path and dread environ-
 ing

Of fire couldst thou that dauntless footstep bring
 And plant it firm amid the dolorous cell
 Of darkness where perpetually dwell

The spirits cursed beyond imagining?

Or else is thine a visionary wing,
 And all thy terror but a tale to tell?

Neither and both, thou seeker! I have been

No wilder path than thou thyself dost go,
 Close mask'd in an impenetrable screen,

Which having rent I gaze around, and know
 What tragic wastes of gloom, before unseen,
 Curtain the soul that strives and sins below.

A NOCTURN.

KEEN winds of cloud and vaporous drift
Disrobe yon star, as ghosts that lift
A snowy curtain from its place,
To scan a pillow'd beauty's face.

They see her slumbering splendours lie
Bedded on blue unfathom'd sky,
And swoon for love and deep delight,
And stillness falls on all the night.



TO THE CRIMEA.



LAND with Britain's sufferings fed,
 With Britain's hero heartsblood red,
 The fame we flush and thrill to see
 Was surely never meant for thee !

The Sire of Song, in elder time,
 Beheld thee an inclement clime,
 Whose dull streams slid without a stress
 To languid oceans billowless,
 Where the foul lips of clammy mist
 The haughtiest peaks for ever kiss'd,
 Where the long wastes of level plains
 Were sodden with eternal rains,
 And whiten'd with the fluttering hosts
 Of pale and agitated ghosts.

How changed the vision ! Vanished
 The darkness, every shadow fled
 From deathless Fame and fiery War,

The planet and the meteor !
The beams that light the golden land,
Have flamed upon a British band ;
The surges that thy headlands beat
Have foam'd against a British fleet ;
The ancient fame we did renew
Has rapt thee into glory too.
To every leaf thy trees sustain,
To every flower that fires thy plain,
To all the sods of all thy hills,
To all the drops of all thy rills,
By War's red chrism doth befall
A grandeur supernatural.
And now they rest, and wait the time
When many a foot from many a clime
Shall reverent pace the solemn scene
Where Battle's gory feet have been,
And tears of tender grief be roll'd
Where tears of blood were spent of old.

All this we give—what shall we then,
Crimea, ask from thee again ?
The quiet that no spell can break,
The peace no tumult can unmake,

The tears the skies rejoicing weep
On Valour's pale forsaken sleep ;
The fair and fragrant flowers that grow
From death, as heavenly thoughts from woe—
Be these thy angels of the grave
To orphan'd Albion's hapless brave.
To thee as to an urn we trust
With faltering hand our dearest dust.
O care thou that the shade may hear
No echo of the idle tear
Wherewith we poorly pay our debt :
But, sweetly slumbering, so forget
The lure that led him out of life,
The passion of the parting strife,
The desert home, the foreign urn,
And those who slew, and those who mourn !



THE PHILTRE.

WITCH-POWDER, glowing crimson in
 this crystal-shining flask,
 How wilt thou work my bidding, how
 give me what I ask?

When thou blushest in the ruby of the royal wine
 he drains,

When thou speed'st a redder surging through the
 lab'rinth of his veins,

By what thrill of fiery impulse shall his passion be
 approved?

What sign shall tell he loves me, even like as I have
 loved?

Will he rise up proud and burning with a burst of
 sudden light,

Like the aloe robed and gorgeous with the magic
 of a night?


Will he droop in pale declining, with tearfulness
opprest,
Like the lily when the rain-pearl has stolen to her
breast ?

Will he come to me securely, and kiss without a
word ?
Or the eye alone acknowledge how the silent heart
is stirr'd ?

Will his bosom heave and stifle with a voice un-
understood ?
Will he catch my hand and press it, till the snow is
fire and blood ?

Blood is burn'd up, snow is melted, fire is billowing
night and day—
Pour thyself on me, Beloved, quench me ere I burn
away !

THE VIOLET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

 O longer fair, no longer sweet,
 I parch and pine with noonday heat ;
 Another day, perhaps an hour,
 And I shall be no more a flower.

Thou, happy bird, when flowers decay,
 But spread'st thy pinions, and away,
 And India's palmy groves, ere long,
 Are loud with thy immortal song.

When with her soundless silver chain
 The moon has fetter'd mount and plain,
 And not a cloud her splendour mars,
 For she has kiss'd them all to stars :

When lissom fawn and antelope
 In covert dell, on cedar'd slope
 Couch, or with bounding feet disturb
 The dew asleep on every herb :

When thousand lines of light invest
The lotus trembling on the breast
Of the great stream that seeks the sea,
Then wilt thou sing. O sing of me !

So shall the gorgeous flowers that swoon
All languid 'neath that lavish moon
Know, in thy sweet enchanted strain,
Their sister of the English lane.

How, lured by Spring's soft-falling feet,
She stole forth from her deep retreat,
Her nurse wild March of boisterous breath,
April her spouse, and May her death.

All day she made her upward eye
The mirror of the azure sky,
All night she slept in glittering dew,
And dream'd her morning longings true.

Come back in Spring, then wilt thou see
Some other flower in room of me ;
And as to me, to her wilt sing
Of thy long Eastern wandering.

SUMMER MOONLIGHT.



N Arctic queen, colossal and august,
 Throned on her loftiest peak, and,
 crowding round,

A million ermines—'twere an image just
 To emblem Night magnificently crown'd
 With a full moon, half pillaged of her light
 By clouds, whose dappled undulations, wound
 With subtle beams, in shuddering glimmers dight,
 Quench'd with a phantom wreath of airy snow
 Each starry fire. But as I watch'd the night
 Their hosts were parted suddenly, and lo !

The round moon roll'd on visionary blue
 Bare as the sea, and words are not, to show
 The glory the unveiling goddess threw
 On every jewel of the long cascade,
 Whose lustrous foam, when winds were busy, flew
 To melt into the rosy fires that made
 The brown demureness of the rocks superb ;
 Like splendour islanded the massy shade

By oak and chestnut piled upon the herb
Of the great park that spread and spread away
Till the ambitious mountains, that disturb
With soaring snows the nebulous array,
Barr'd it. All was so clear that doe and fawn,
As slumber-stretch'd in ferny brakes they lay,
Or set a glimmering footprint on the lawn,
I mark'd, and how the night-jar took his prey
With foot advanced, and beak asunder drawn.



A MELODY.




HE snow falls fast upon the wave,
 And is no more.
 The silver swan glides o'er its grave
 Unheeding, and the wild fowl lave
 Their plumes along the shore.

The buoyant lily does not see
 The dead abound
 About its roots, but silently
 Grows up in beauty, and the bee
 Booms all around.



ELFIN FOLK.*

ISTER, they say that in this dell
 The gamesome elfin-people dwell,
 And seize the maids that gathering stray,
 And pluck their strawberries away.

“ And furthermore ’tis credited
 They kiss their lips to ruby red.
 Why are thy lips so red ? tell me,
 And where thy strawberries may be ? ”

“ Sister, our mother oft has told
 That elvish folk, alert and bold,
 Lurk in this darkling dell for hours
 To pounce on maids that come for flowers,

“ And spoil them merrily of these,
 And of their chains and necklaces—

* The subject of this piece is taken from Alexandri, the Moldavian poet.

Where are thy flowers ? I fain would know,
And where thy string of pearls also ?”

The maidens laugh, and look so sly !
Down in the glen two youths I spy,—
One strawberries holds, and one, more vain,
Loops to his belt a pearly chain.



SONNET.



CANST thou be mine, sweet rose, and yet
thy hue
And fragrance keep recluse and hidden
quite ?

High moon, it is a thing thou canst not do
To beam on me, and yet deny me light.
Fair stream, thou living coolness blithe and clear,
Thou must be dry, or I shall drink of thee.
Star-wooing nightingale, must I not hear ?
Be dumb, there is no other remedy.
Giving thyself, thou givest all thou art,
And all thou canst, or givest not a whit ;
No lip kiss'd ever true, kiss'd not the heart
And soul and body all along with it.
Then why, vain breast, this sick endeavouring
To do for her some high and matchless thing ?

THE SIREN.

WITH Hope and Enterprise, else all alone,
 All silent in our swan-beak'd skiff sat
 we,

Seven sailors dropping down a stream unknown,
 On a strange voyage towards an unknown sea.

The moon reveal'd her sitting on a stone,
 Veil'd in white spray, entrancingly sang she :
 " O strive no longer towards the sea unknown,
 My grot your goal, my kiss your guerdon be."

She melted into air—long days have flown,
 Yet moveless in our moveless bark sit we,
 And gaze for her return, and muse and moan,
 And think no more upon the unknown sea.

THE EVE OF THE GUILLOTINE.

PAULINE, my heart's heart ! come and
 lay
 Wet cheek to glowing cheek, and say

Some kindly thing—the last you can !
 To-morrow, so the sentence ran,—
 Thursday at six ! and now the ledge
 Of this thick sill has lost the edge
 Of the spent moon that made it bright,
 Methinks that even now new light
 Is kindling somewhere far behind
 These ancient barriers grey and blind.

What ? not a word ?

Pauline, nay, if
 We welter'd in a lonely skiff
 On tropic waters red and gold
 With sunset-fire, and sharks, made bold,
 Swam round, wide gaping for their prey,
 Should we have nothing then to say ?

Might I not kiss you, dearest, lie
Beside you, cloak you tenderly,
Murmur out love, till on white wing
Gather'd the seabirds clamouring
Around two corpses?

Dreams like this,
Pauline, have made me ghastly bliss—
O so long! Well, I used to say,
What marvel? she is rich and gay,
The world goes grandly with her, all
Is gaudy and processional.
What serve I? O for half an hour
Beside her in a blazing tower!
A pestilence to wither both
Slowly, that I might mark the growth
Of Love in life's decay! to be
Alone with her in middle sea
In a subsiding boat! the stir
And reek of madden'd massacre!
Pray heaven it take us in our youth!

Pauline, the dream is born a truth,
But for the bliss, alas! Look now,
Round you, and candidly avow,

Save for the breast you still reject,
What have you ? Nothing ! We are wreck'd
On tiger-isles without a boat,
And glare and quarrel ! Did we float
Wan corpses down the sullen Seine,
Methinks your icy hand would fain
Push mine away !

What, tears, Pauline ?

O dearest, now I see you mean
To love me truly. In saloons
You pass'd me as the lonely moon's
Ascending light forsakes the star.
But the blest axe has cleft the bar,
Praise God ! Our blood will, falling, soak
The self-same scaffold, rising smoke
To Heaven in union. Kiss me, dear ;
O tell me you have yet a fear,
That I may soothe it ! Shall I die
First, to instruct you ? Let us try.
Suppose these chairs the plank, now lie
Down, and my burning lip shall be
The axe. Make ready ! One—two—three—
Down comes it—in a kiss ! Delight !

O clasp me ! closer and more tight !
They will not part our clay ? 'Tis mad
To think of it ; but if I had
A brother hiding, doubtless I
Should yield his refuge up, to buy
The rapture of commingled dust.
Well, well, Pauline, we can but trust.
What on ourselves depends, we'll do.
They take us on by two and two
Up to the scaffold—grasp my hand,
As if it were a dagger, plann'd
For Marat's throat—let no one slip
Into our fiery fellowship—
Watch my head fall, spring rapidly,
And shower thy ruddy life on me !



A CITY SONG.




NIGHT of bustle and gas. I stand
A lonely soul in the busy Strand—
Stirring above, stirring below—
Who all these people? Where do they go?

I know not ; but, friends, were mine your part,
If, roaming about, you sought a heart,
A gentle heart in a gentle breast,
To cherish, and love you, and give you rest,

You would thrill and tremble with joy and pain,
You would stop, and wander, and stop again,
And muse if the yearning exceed not the kiss,
And if search be not sweeter than finding is.

THE DIVER'S STORY.


 ILL these grey mountains seem'd a way-
 side heap,
 And all their pluming pines a petty moss,
 I silently row'd onward, and did keep
 A steady path the mighty main across ;
 But then I loosed my bark, and left her free
 To dance her own glad measure with the sea,
 And, plunging as a plummet plunges, stood
 'Mid the sere purples of the barren wood
 Whose sapless boughs, in sullen beauty drest,
 Were never brighten'd by a spark of dew,
 Or heard a song, or cherish'd any nest,
 Or shook with any wind that ever blew.

Then as I wander'd on that oozeless sand,
 Catching the sharp salt bubbles of the air,
 I heard a silver song, and saw the rare
 And tender form of soft Cymodoce
 Pressing a rock, more innocently fair

Than feather shed by swan upon the sea,
Or moonlight sleeping fearless on the foam
Of hurrying falls. One marble-mocking hand
Upheld the golden thicket of the hair
Where one seem'd lost, as with an amber comb
It parted shell-born pearls from pearls of brine;
And, seablooms reddening all its deeps divine,
Low at her helpless feet her mirror lay;
I seized the magic toy, and made it mine,
And like a shaft dismiss'd I sped away.


Here you may see the prize, is it not gay?
Glowing with burnish of unspotted gold,
Border'd with quaintest shells, and, day by day,
Changeful in splendour as the waters bold
Sway the rock-mantling weeds, or, backward roll'd,
Leave a salt glister on the glaring bay.

But when low, broad, and heavy in the west
Hangs the departing moon, and Autumn cold
Moans to her moaning waters, and the crest
Of every mounting wave is rimm'd with gold,
There sounds a somewhat from the chiding seas,
As if they heaved around an ancient wrong,

And sad laments of spirits ill at ease
Murmur and mourn our boat-lined beach along;
And some day I will take the mirror down,
And, rowing far from the steep-streeted town,
Will hold it forth, until a whiter hand
Rises to grasp it; and Cymodoce,
Pleased with the late repentance of the land,
Hushes the doleful music of the sea.



WAKING.


 MORE soft and low than waves that flow
 o'er a sleeping mermaid's head,
 As she lies in light with her foam-robe
 white and her crown of the coral red,
 Breathe now, my Lute, or else be mute, for to-night
 thy voice must be
 A breath scarce known from the languid tone of the
 sighing cedar-tree.


For I would not, love, that thou shouldst move
 disturb'd, or with sudden leap
 Sharp tremors wake in the moonlight lake where
 thou bathest in silver sleep,
 Or flash a light on the dusky night from swift
 unlidded eyes,
 Though pure and sweet as a young star's feet new-
 set on the yielding skies.

But soft and fair as winds that spare to ruffle an
 aged head,

Let Life come back on his shining track, and flush
on the snowy bed,
And thy soft lids thrill as a sweet flower will when
a melting bee-mouth sips,
And the thought that dwells in thy heart's deep
cells glide murmuring to thy lips.



FACIT INDIGNATIO VERSUM.


 AIN would I seek and find what I have
 not ;
 I yearn and hunger for I know not what ;
 Vision is fled, and Beauty dwells afar ;
 I cannot see the soul of any star.

Dull flames the moon, for me how vainly hung !
 Saith Colour aught ? hath Music any tongue ?
 Is any azure in the skies above ?
 Or any truth in any woman's love ?

O wait on Nature ! bid the billow meet
 The rock in spray and thunder at thy feet !
 The lightning-shaft unseal thy blindness ! bare
 Thy withering bosom to the ample air !

Ah no ! my hour is past, and as a peach,
 Autumn-forgotten, moulders in the reach
 Of scornful fingers, I but woo in vain
 My better soul to kindle me again.

OUR CROCODILE.



UR crocodile, (Psammarathis,
A priest at Ombi, told me this,)
Our crocodile is good and dear,
And eats a damsel once a year.

To me unworthy hath he done
This favour three times—one by one
Three daughters ate ! I praise therefore
And honour him for evermore.

Each Spring there is an exhibition
Of maidens, and a competition.
The baffled fair are blank and spiteful,
The victor's triumph most delightful.

Three months secluded doth she dwell
With the high pontiff in his cell,
Due-worshipping each deity,
And Venus more especially.

Then, on an island in the Nile,
They take her to our crocodile,
He wags his tail, the great jaws stir,
And make a happy end of her.

B a *bo* ! O you brainless child !
(My fourth, sir,) dirty, rude, and wild !
You'll break my heart ! you'll ne'er be meet
For any crocodile to eat !



INSCRIPTION FOR A STATUE OF ECHO.

MUSEST thou, gazer, what form is mine,
 who, eagerly bending
 Forward, with hollow'd hand aid the
 desire of the ear ?

Echo the Nymph's ; and, hast thou the eye of the
 poet, Narcissus

Stands not far, not far lures the perfidious stream.
 Watching he stands with head down-droop'd, as a
 whitening fountain,

Gracefully leaving, with grace turning again to
 the earth.

Wan are the brow, the cheek, the lips that sundering
 murmur :—

“ Beautiful image ! ” and I, “ Beautiful image ! ”
 reply.

Such my doom, whose mouth is vocal with alien
 accents ;

88 *Inscription for a Statue of Echo.*


Blossoms so chime with the bee, so with the
warbler the bough.

Hast thou a love? then call on her name, and faith-
fully will I

Echo thy passionate speech, utterer thus of my own.



IN THE TRAIN.—MIDNIGHT.

WIFT speeds the vivid train, and throws
 Its jagged shadows down,
 Like dreams upon the deep repose
 Of tree, and cot, and town.

Blue soars the cloudless heaven aloft,
 And bluer than the sky,
 Bathed in dim moonlight strange and soft,
 The misty meadows lie.


I muse how earnestly on Aire
 This gentle moon will gaze,
 And how dark Chevin will be fair
 And lovely in her rays.

And in her orb so brightly meek
 And yon fierce glow I find
 The image of the scenes I seek,
 And those I leave behind.

Fair Splendour, hasten as we will,
Thy light will not remove,
But I go far and further still
From all I leave and love.



THE QUEEN OF PEARLS.


TATELY art thou in thy pomp, with
 purple veil, wind-fann'd,
 Floating away from the ebony hair, and
 ivory wand
 Leaning back to the shoulder, unheld of the dainty
 hand

Waking an idle tune from the clink of crystal keys.
 Sleepeth the casket of gold unlock'd on red-robed
 knees,
 Babe-like strewing its pearls on the ground ; I will
 take of these,

For one is a charm of might, and by whom 'tis
 held and tried,
 His are the throne, and wand of rule, and fine-
 arch'd pride
 Of lip and brow, and snow-soft limbs, for which
 kings have died.

But a sultry fire is lit in the sable languid eye,
And the wand is grasp'd and stirr'd, and falls with
a shock, and I,
Blasted with flame intense, shriek out, and shrivel
and die.



THE LADY OF THE FOUNTAIN.



KNOW a garden shadow'd by a mountain ;

It lies in bloom around a limpid fountain,
That leaps not in the day, for then its crystal showers
Creep secretly away to feed those lovely flowers.

But when the high moon rules, and Vesper grows
Faint, like a violet dying near a rose,
The shy flower veils her heart, and sinks into a
swoon,
The fountain's silver dart springs quivering in the
moon.

So, thou being far, the silent thought of thee
Colours and sweetens life invisibly,
Until thy smile at length the dreamful craving stills
And weaves Love's soaring strength from Fancy's
subtle rills.

THE BALLAD OF THE BOAT.



HE stream was smooth as glass, we said :
 “ Arise and let’s away ;”

The Siren sang beside the boat that in
 the rushes lay ;

And spread the sail, and strong the oar, we gaily
 took our way.

When shall the sandy bar be cross’d ? When shall
 we find the bay ?

The broadening flood swells slowly out o’er cattle-
 dotted plains,

The stream is strong and turbulent, and dark with
 heavy rains,

The labourer looks up to see our shallop speed away.
 When shall the sandy bar be cross’d ? When shall
 we find the bay ?

Now are the clouds like fiery shrouds ; the sun,
 superbly large,

Slow as an oak to woodman's stroke sinks flaming
at their marge.

The waves are bright with mirror'd light as jacinths
on our way.

When shall the sandy bar be cross'd? When shall
we find the bay?

The moon is high up in the sky, and now no more
we see

The spreading river's either bank, and surging
distantly

There booms a sullen thunder as of breakers far
away.

Now shall the sandy bar be cross'd, now shall we
find the bay!

The seagull shrieks high overhead, and dimly to
our sight

The moonlit crests of foaming waves gleam towering
through the night.

We'll steal upon the mermaid soon, and start her
from her lay,

When once the sandy bar is cross'd, and we are in
the bay.

What rises white and awful as a shroud-enfolded
ghost?

What roar of rampant tumult bursts in clangour on
the coast?

Pull back! pull back! The raging flood sweeps
every oar away.

O stream, is this thy bar of sand? O boat, is this
the bay?



TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY.

FOR me didst thou thrill, kindle, watch,
 and fast,
 Divinest? and shall I be dead and cold?

Thy spirit's hunger is my soul's repast,

Thy aching toil my treasury of gold.

That I might soar in speculation free

Thou wert Calamity's most iron'd thrall ;

Thou gatheredst light with woe and misery,

I look into a book, and have it all.

Cursed be the selfish epicure that feeds

In thankless luxury, nor smitten stops

With sudden tremor of a heart that bleeds

Some pale requital for thy priceless drops !

Where Love is not sad Loveliness deforms,

And Joy without her is a feast of worms.

WHERE CORALS LIE.



HE deeps have music soft and low

When winds awake the airy spry,

It lures me, lures me on to go

And see the land where corals lie.

By mount and mead, by lawn and rill,

When night is deep, when noon is high,

That music seeks and finds me still,

And tells me where the corals lie.

Yes, press my eyelids close, 'tis well ;

But far the rapid fancies fly

To rolling worlds of wave and shell,

And all the land where corals lie.

Thy lips are like a sunset's glow,

Thy smile is like a morning sky,

Yet leave me, leave me, let me go

And see the land where corals lie.

KORALLEN.*

MUSIK des Meeres, sacht und leise,
 Die tönet hell und haüchet lind,
 Und kommt und geht nach schöner Weise,
 Und saget wo Korallen sind.

Bei Mondenglanz, in Abendschimmer,
 Wo Berg aufragt, wo Bächlein rinnt,
 Es regt und rauscht und flüstert immer,
 O komm wo die Korallen sind !

Ich küsse dich, doch in dem Küssen
 Die bange Seele träumt und sinnt
 Von Brandungschlag an Felsenrissen,
 Von Tiefen, wo Korallen sind.

Wie Morgenglanz dein Blick entglühet,
 Wie Morgenroth die Lippe, Kind.
 Und doch welch mächtig Sehnen ziehet
 Mich nieder, wo Korallen sind !

* The author has to thank his friend E. Deutsch, Esq., of the British Museum, for his kind assistance in rendering this translation presentable.

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S GHOST.



WELVE o'clock—a misty night—
 Glimpsing hints of buried light—
 Six years strung in an iron chain—
 Time I stood on the ground again !

So—by your leave ! Slip, easy enough,
 Wither'd wrists from the rusty cuff.
 The old chain rattles, the old wood groans,
 O the clatter of clacking bones !

Here I am, uncoated, unhatted,
 Shirt all mildew'd, hair all matted,
 Sockets that each have royally
 Fed the crow with a precious eye.

O for slashing Bess the brown !
 Where, old lass, have they earth'd thee down ?
 Sobb'st beneath a carrier's thong ?
 Strain'st a coalman's cart along ?

Shame to foot it!—must be so.
See, the mists are smitten below;
Over the moorland, wide away,
Moonshine pours her watery day.

There the long white-dusted track,
There a crawling speck of black.
The Northern mail, ha, ha! and he
There on the box is Anthony.

Coachman I scared him from brown to grey,
Witness he lied my blood away.
Haste, Fred! haste, boy! never fail!
Now or never! catch the mail!

The horses plunge, and sweating stop.
Dead falls Tony, neck and crop.
Nay, good guard, small profit thus,
Shooting ghosts with a blunderbuss!

Crash wheel! coach over! How it rains
Hampers, ladies, wigs, and canes!
O the spoil! to sack it and lock it!
But, woe is me, I have never a pocket!

FADING-LEAF AND FALLEN-LEAF.



SAID Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—

“ I toss alone on a forsaken tree,
It rocks and cracks with every gust that
racks

Its straining bulk, say, how is it with thee ?”

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—

“ A heavy foot went by, an hour ago ;
Crush'd into clay I stain the way ;
The loud wind calls me, and I cannot go.”

Said Fading-leaf to Fallen-leaf:—

“ Death lessons Life, a ghost is ever wise ;
Teach me a way to live till May
Laughs fair with fragrant lips and loving eyes.”

Said Fallen-leaf to Fading-leaf:—

“ Hast loved fair eyes and lips of gentle breath ?
Fade then and fall—thou hast had all
That Life can give, ask somewhat now of Death.”

CONSTANCE.

WILL'D God to make
Thee, love, a rose,
Or with thy soul

Inflame a star,
How should I quake
When winds arose,
When westering stole
The planet far !

But no wild blast
Disturbs thy heart,
Thy spirit's flame
Is bright alway,
Troth ever fast ;
To-day thou art
The very same
As yesterday.

Perennial prove
Thy blossom sweet,
Thy tender glow
Undimm'd, while I
May live and love :—
Then fade and fleet,
And tell me so
'Tis time to die.



THE LYRICAL POEM.



ASSION the fathomless spring, and
words the precipitate waters,
Rhythm the bank that binds these to
their musical bed.

THE DIDACTIC POEM.



COULLESS, colourless strain, thy words
are the words of wisdom.
Is not a mule a mule, bear he a burden
of gold?

SONNET.



WILL not rail, or grieve when torpid eld
 Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for
 I shall see

The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,
 The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.
 Methinks the aged eye that first beheld
 The fitful ravage of December wild,
 Then knew himself indeed dear Nature's child,
 Seeing the common doom, that all compell'd.
 No kindred we to her beloved broods,
 If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath ;
 But one path travel all her multitudes,
 And none dispute the solemn Voice that saith :
 " Sun to thy setting ; to your autumn, woods ;
 Stream to thy sea ; and man unto thy death !"

TO THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

(AFTER COUNTESS HAHN HAHN.)

BRIGHT of my bosom ! O where art thou
 banish'd ?
 Is thy resplendence for ever conceal'd ?

Where is the spell of thy loveliness vanish'd ?

Where is the glow of thy beauty reveal'd ?

Art thou in heaven's high palace enshrouded,

Clasping our star in an azure embrace ?

No ! for the vapours roll forth, and, beclouded,

Dark is the span of the measureless space.

Say, do the leaves of the forest retain thee,

Weaving the garment of innocent May ?

No ! or the wrath of the tempest had slain thee—

Wildly they quiver, and hurry away.

Blendeth thy soul with the sun in his glory ?

With the young star is its splendour re-born ?

Dies not the sunlight all lurid and gory ?

Doth not the planet fly pale from the morn ?

No ! thou consortest with no imperfection ;

No ! thou art throned in unchangeable spheres.

Mortal am I, and this helpless affection

Shrinks from thy lustre, and dies in its tears.



POLYIDUS.



CASTALIAN Apollo, make me musically tell

Of thy servant Polyidus, and what fortune him befell.

Silent in his marble dungeon, round with awful darkness closed,

Sat the seer, the head of Glaucus, lifeless, on his knees reposed—

Glaucus, son of Minos, Creta ruling and all Cyclades,
Tribute-gatherer, with his navies spreading whiteness over seas.

When the boy was lost and vanish'd, far and wide the father sought

For the soothsayer most skilful—straight was Polyidus brought.

Thoughtfully the sage ascended where the column'd temple crowns

Gnossus' wave-worn headland, lifted high o'er seas and isles and towns,

Saw the gull in ether, twirling shining wings with
seabaths wet,

Saw the cormorant on the billow, on the shore the
avocet,

And one brown-plumed eagle, coming fleetly through
the azure air,

Till its wing dark'd Minos' palace, then it stoop'd
and rested there.

"Search these halls," the seer commanded—long
they search'd like men at fault;

Polyidus grasp'd a taper, down he went into a vault;
There he saw an active people, burnish'd body,
glimmering wing,

Bees in airy mazes blended with an ireful murmuring;
Round a honey-cask they gather'd, o'er that cask
an owl had place,

Snapping beak and clutching talons warring with
the stinged race.

Bees and owl he scared, the lidless cask explored,
and then saw he

Glaucus, sweet 'mid sweets, in sweetness dead and
stifled bitterly.

Silent in a trance lethargic sat the miserable king,
Hearing not the warriors' weeping, not the women's
cymballing :

Wild they flew with hair dishevell'd, wild with faces
torn they ran,

Crying : " Woe for youthful Glaucus, dead a
deedless, songless man ! "

Slow at length the king awaken'd, royally gave he
command :—

" Build a marble mausoleum, stately as in Memphian
land. "

Swift his thought was overtaken, for the self-same
sun that fell

Early on the young foundation, set behind the
pinnacle.

There, within an inner chamber, prison'd he both
son and seer ;

" Bring him back into existence, or thyself continue
here. "

" King, thou doest ill, requiting good with injury. "
But then

Clash'd the unpersuaded portals, severing his com-
plaint from men.

Sad the augur sat in darkness, loud and tearfully
he pray'd :—

" Lord of Delphos and of Delos, Pythian, bring
thy servant aid ! "

From the wall a snake came gliding, huge and
terrible and loth,
Bronzed its scales with fire and duskness, from its
jaws flow'd violet froth,
And its eyes the cell illumined. Up to Glaucus,
with dire hiss,
Crept it, round his bosom coiling. Polyidus, seeing
this,
Grasp'd his augur-staff, snake-twisted—two great
strokes, the serpent, slain,
Lay upon the colour'd pavement with snapp'd spine
and scatter'd brain.
Lo ! another snake enormous ! To that slaughter'd
one it went,
Lick'd it, writhed itself around it, hissing forth its
discontent.
Threateningly did Polyidus raise his staff, but yet
his blow
Check'd the augur mild and pious, reverencing
that serpent's woe ;
So the snake departed, scatheless. Suddenly it
came again,
Straining on with horrid whistlings, in its jaws a
leaf was lain.

Round its lifeless mate it twisted, laid the chew'd
leaf upon it—

Straight the outpour'd brain was gather'd, straight
the sunder'd spine reknit.

'Live with giant wreaths resplendent, making all the
vault to shine,

Rose that formidable dragon. "Phœbus, the
portent is thine,"

Cried the sage, and, forward bending, half despair
and half belief,

Touch'd the lifeless youth's pale forehead with the
serpent-given leaf.

Lo, the rigid nostril quiver'd, warmly ran each
thawing vein,


Light the unglazing eye environ'd—Glaucus stirr'd
and spoke again.

Talents ten of gold, of silver vases ten, a lovely slave
Bearing each, Sidonian curtains, Libyan fleeces,
Minos gave

To the augur, for his guerdon. Thus return'd he
to his friends,

Blithe in triumph, rich and honour'd. Such the
boons Apollo sends.

MUSIDORA.

 T pour'd into an artificial grot,
 With lazuli, and jet, and almandine,
 And creamy marble lined ; and round
 the spot,

Citron and lime burn'd through their mask of
 green,

Like eyes of fire, with many a golden blot
 Staining the sleeping waters. Here, between
 Sunlight and starlight, silently came she,
 Pale, pure, and perfect, as a pearl may be.

And now her mantle by the fountain lies,
 And now her easy bodice is unlaced ;
 Now the dim-dawning moon her breast espies,
 Now by her unloop'd locks it is effaced
 Like snow by sunbeams ; tremblingly she pries
 A moment round, the next with blushing haste
 Hurries into the wave, whose plashing din
 Stammers its triumph at her plunging in.

Tranced in ecstatic languor, like a star

That faints into the sun when first he laves

The world with light ; as damask scimeter

In silver sheath, so cased in gleaming waves,

She rests ; her bosom, heaving regular,


The bath with countless rippling lines engraves.

Around her straying hand the water swirls,

And her drench'd hair is heavy with its pearls.




APRIL SHOWERS.


 HY mantle with a silver shroud
 The eyes that should not know a cloud?
 O charge some venturous word to strip
 Its rosy secret from the lip,
 And tell us whence the shower that wets
 Thy twin unblemish'd violets,
 And moistens with a glistening streak
 The flowering red of either cheek.

Pshaw! as I ask fresh smiles renew
 The deepening orbs' delicious hue,
 And dainty pang and mimic smart
 Fly fawnlike from the flushing heart.
 So vanish from a gleaming plain
 Sun-stricken slants of diamond rain—
 A splendid rainbow spans the blue—
 And earth and heaven are glad again!

DURESSE.

HE warder blows a thrilling note,
 The gate is open'd wide,
 The bridge is slung across the moat,
 And in the strangers ride.

'Mid chiefs in armour hard and bright,
 More spotlessly she shines
 Than beams the moon on purple night
 Among the northern signs.

And she will feast from gold, and sip
 The white wine and the red,
 The while I press a loathing lip
 Against my mouldy bread.

And they whose gyves and fetters base
 These helpless limbs confine,
 Will look upon the lovely face
 That looks in vain for mine.

O lady mine, that I might fall
At thy fair feet again !
But stubborn is my dungeon-wall,
And severless my chain.



THE NIX.

THE crafty Nix, more false than fair,
 Whose haunt in arrowy Iser lies,
 She envied me my golden hair,
 She envied me my azure eyes.

The moon with silvery ciphers traced
 The leaves, and on the waters play'd ;
 She rose, she caught me round the waist,
 She said : " Come down with me, fair maid."


She led me to her crystal grot,
 She set me in her coral chair,
 She waved her wand, and I had not
 Or azure eyes or golden hair.

Her locks of jet, her eyes of flame
 Were mine, and hers my semblance fair :
 " O make me, Nix, again the same,
 O give me back my golden hair !"

She smiles in scorn, she disappears,
And here I sit and see no sun ;
My eyes of fire are quench'd in tears,
And all my darksome locks undone.



FAIR LISSA.

 HE snow lies hard upon the ground,
And ryebread is there none,
The people hunger all around
From Vistula to Don.

“ There is no fruitage in the wood,
No herbage in the bield,
The fish have perish'd from the flood,
The cattle from the field.

“ My brother and my kinsmen dear
In Muscovy seek bread ;
My father lies upon the bier,
My mother on the bed.

“ She shall have meat, so bind a cord
My slender neck upon,
And sell me to the Tartar lord
That camps beyond the Don.”

“ Now blow ye loud upon the horn
That they may ope to me,
Who bring them bounteous store of corn,
And meat from Muscovy.

“ And call my sister, Lissa sweet,
For evil may it fare
With all I drink, with all I eat,
That Lissa does not share.”—

The snow lay hard upon the ground,
And ryebread was there none,
The people hunger'd all around,
From Vistula to Don.

And so we bound a slender cord
Her slender neck upon,
And sold her to the Tartar lord
That camps beyond the Don.

Now Lissa's brother onward fares,
To Tartary will he ride,
And twice five hundred Polanders
Are pacing by his side.

What is it that so wildly flies ?

It is the Tartar horde.

What is it that so gory lies ?

It is the Tartar lord.

Who stands amazed and pale for bliss ?

Fair Lissa, and no other.

Who clasps her with an eager kiss ?

Who but fair Lissa's brother ?

And where the Tartar's head had roll'd,


He set a scornful heel—

“Thou bought'st the Polish maid for gold,

And soldest her for steel.”



VIOLETS.

 OLD blows the wind against the hill,
 And cold upon the plain ;
 I sit me by the bank, until
 The violets come again.

Here sat we when the grass was set
 With violets shining through,
 And leafing branches spread a net
 To hold a sky of blue.

The trumpet clamour'd from the plain,
 The cannon rent the sky ;
 I cried, O Love, come back again
 Before the violets die !

But they are dead upon the hill, .
 And he upon the plain ;
 I sit me by the bank, until
 My violets come again.

BEAUTY.




HERISHING Beauty, deep in thy heart
 of hearts
 Folding her, Artist, call her not, dream
 her not

Thine. Are the sweet cold fires of moonlight
 Lull'd in a single lakelet's bosom?

Calm they glide with the river, the cataract
 Hurls down light with its thunder, the fisherman
 Wakes new glory on ocean, lifting
 Silver'd nets and a gleaming burden.



AUTUMN LOVE.


 S a tender, growing moon
 Scales a wintry afternoon,
 Brighter for the sun's decay,
 Deepening with the dying day ;
 So, as Hope departs and dies,
 Love more vigorous doth arise ;
 Passion with Despondence blent
 Seems its own accomplishment,
 Saying, as it yields its bliss :
 " What did I desire but this ?"


Shall we meet, Louisa ?—Nay,
 Were we glad in glowing May,
 When the wedded earth draws on
 Nigher to the ardent sun,
 And the blood is young—but now,
 When the bird-abandon'd bough
 Sadly from the sodden tree
 Saith that love can never be ;

Now November stale and sere
Tends the sickness of the year,
And the stream is chill and slow,
And the blast will hardly blow,
Knowing every breath bereaves
Beeches of their fiery leaves,
While the oak's are dun and small,
And the lime has none at all,
And the elm her branches froze
Burnishes and nothing more ;
Now the mist makes meadows white
In the murk of middle night,
And the meagre moon is seen
Pining in a cirque of green,
Like an old enchanted king,
Prisoner in a fairy-ring ;
Seek the miry woodland ways,
Where the fungus' self decays :
There we two will stand alone
By some ancient oak o'erthrown,
Saying : " When thy death outshoots
Emerald leaves and glossy fruits,
Shall our joy revive, or when
Thou dost quake and nod again,

As the weary woodman hacks,
Toiling with a tarnish'd axe,
Sorrow, will we yield to thee
This impossibility."



CARET.


 HE lamp burns brightly in the hall,
 The hand that lit it is not there ;
 The lute reclines against the wall,
 But where is she that laid it there ?

Tremendous Night, who dared go forth
 The fury of thy storms to brave ?
 The wind runs howling from the north,
 And southward flies the shrieking wave.

O sit thee by thy lone hearthside,
 And pile the glowering firebrands higher,
 And o'er thy threshold she shall glide,
 And warm her by the welcome fire.

Alas ! the portal will not ope ;
 Alas ! the ashy brands decay ;
 'Twas Night alone that nurs'd thy hope,
 And with her wing 'tis fled away !

AS I LOVE THEE.


 HE wave exults to bear the ship
 Sublimely o'er the swelling sea,
 Yet loves not so the wave the ship
 As I love thee.

The lake delights the lovely swan
 Reposing on its breast to see,
 Yet loves not so the lake the swan
 As I love thee.

Well knows the sky without the sun
 Its gorgeous clouds would hueless be,
 Yet loves not so the sky the sun
 As I love thee.

Thou art my ship, my swan, my sun,
 I am thy sky, thy lake, thy sea.
 But O dost thou love me as well
 As I love thee?

MUSIC.

OFT as a flash of summer light,
 A thrill of music sweet
 Breathed somewhat in the ear of Night,
 And died along the street.

Grey Night, it said, from amorous tongue,
 From minstrel, and from bird,
 Since first thy heaven with stars was hung
 What carols thou hast heard !

If only we could call the ghost
 Of each forgotten strain !
 If all the silver-sounding host
 Made melody again !

If every song whose magic made
 Yon stars more deeply burn,
 Then fled and wither'd like a shade,
 Could like a shade return !

Alas ! the Lovely will not stay,
We cannot bind the Fair ;
Even as I speak I pass away,
And go I know not where.





TRANSLATIONS.

THE SONG OF THE ARCHANGELS.



NOW, as has ever been, the Sun
Makes music 'mid his brother
spheres,
As his predestined course to run
With steps of thunder he careers.
New strength the gazing angels draw
Though he be comprehended never.
Thy works, O Lord, Creation saw
Sublime—sublime are they for ever !

And swifter far than tongue can say,
The circling earth in splendour ranges,

And the fair glow of Eden-day
With deep and awful night exchanges.
The waters foam up from the ocean,
And scourge the rocks with frenzied force,
And the swift spheres' eternal motion
Whirls all along in breathless course ;

And fury of unbridled storms
On every land and sea has birth,
And, raging in contention, forms
A chain of terror for the earth.
The thunder crashes—on its way
The lightning flames forth to destroy ;
But the mild process of Thy day
Thy servants, Lord, revere with joy.

And we are strengthen'd to all time
By scanning what we fathom never,
The first day saw Thy works sublime,
And they are still sublime for ever.

GOETHE.

SUNSET.

(FAUST LOQUITUR.)

**HAPPY** he

Who yet may hope to rise from Error's
sea !

Our little lore is little aid, and what
Perchance were worth the knowing, we know not.
Yet be not the last ray of this fair day
Dimm'd by the plaint of an uneasy mind !
Lo, where the sun sinks bright, and bathes in light
The cots with countless clustering leaves entwined !
It sinks—the Day has lived her term of life,
Yet speeds she on, and claims the treasure back.
O for a wing to lift me from this strife,
Plant me in Heaven and launch me on her track !
Begirt with parting sunbeams would I sail,
And watch the wide world at my feet unroll'd,
Each hill alit, a calm on every vale,
And every brook a wandering thread of gold.

Not all the savage mountain's soaring peaks
Were barriers to impede my godlike flight,
The spreading sea to her remotest creeks
Lay as a map below my giddy sight.
The Sun at length in Night's cold clasp must fade,
But what avails my ardent course to bind ?
I chase the fleeting splendour undismay'd,
The Day before me, and the Night behind,
The unbounded heaven above, the unbounded sea
Below—Bright vision, art thou vanishing ?
Forbear thy dreams, fond soul, 'tis not for thee
To beat immortal air with mortal wing.
Yet is there not a son of clay but feels
Some high emotion in his breast take birth
When from the blue that her frail form conceals
The lark's glad song descends to earth.
When eagles wide their wings expand
O'er the steep mountain's piny crest,
And o'er wide wastes of sea and land
The crane steers for her southern nest.

GOETHE.

MIGNON'S SONG.

KNOW'ST thou the land where flowers
 the citron-bloom,
 And golden orange glows in leafy gloom?
 A soft wind flutters from the soft blue sky,
 Still stands the myrtle and the laurel high.
 Know'st thou it well?

 O there, O there,
 My Friend, my Love, might thou and I repair!

Know'st thou the house? on pillars rests its roof,
 The high hall shines, the chamber gleams aloof,
 And marble statues stand and gaze on me,—
 What is it they have done, poor child, to thee?
 Know'st thou it well?

 O there, O there,
 My Friend, my Guide, might thou and I repair!

Know'st thou the mountain path, in vapours grey
 Immersed? the slow mule picks his foggy way;


In caves abide the dragon's ancient brood ;
Crashes the rock, and over it the flood.
Know'st thou it well ?

O there, O there,
My Friend, my Father, let us both repair !

GOETHE.



IN A GLADE.

N a glade
 I idly went,
 Nought to seek
 Was my intent.

I saw a flower
 In shelter shy,
 Fair as a star,
 Sweet as an eye.

I stoop'd to pluck it,
 Then did it say :
 " Why be gather'd
 To fade away ?"

I gently loosed
 The earth around,
 Bore it home to my
 Garden-ground.

In a Glade.

In a nook

The flower I set,

There it grows and

Blossoms yet.

GOETHE.



ADIEU, HEART'S LOVE, ADIEU!

HE built upon the mountain
 That rises in the North;
 The tempest roars around him,
 And will not let him forth.
 The clouds are full of blackness,
 The path is steep and bare,
 O heart's love on the mountain,
 O would with thee I were!

O fair upon the mountain,
 Above the cloud and blast,
 Where sky is warm and sunlit,
 And eagles hurry past!
 My wings, alas! are broken,
 And lift me not, before
 I go unto my heart's love,
 And enter at his door.

That I have built my dwelling
 High on the mountain's crown,

Alas ! 'tis all my sorrow,
No more may I come down.
The bolts and bars are rusted,
And crumbled is the stair.
O heart's love in the valley,
O would with thee I were !

O fair within the garden !
O fair within the grove !
Where birds upon the branches
Are singing of their love !
No flower have I to garland,
No song to sing, before
I go unto my heart's love,
And enter at her door.

And up the steep she presses,
Nor heeds the bolts and bars,
And now her soul is winged,
And borne up to the stars ;
And higher yet, and higher
To Him up in the blue,
Her faithful heart she carries,—
Adieu, heart's love, adieu !


And down the steep he presses,
And through the wood he goes,
And hears the shepherds' music,
And sees the blowing rose.
And deeper yet, and deeper
Beneath the grass and dew
His haughty heart reposes,—
Adieu, heart's love, adieu!

BRENTANO.



SONNETS FROM MICKIEWICZ.

I.

ASTWARD, the sun arises clad in gold,
Westward, the waning moonbeam
disappears ;

Like spreading fires the rose's buds unfold,
The violet droops, borne down by dewy tears.

My Laura, from her casement, bright and glad,
Shines forth upon me, on my knees I bow ;
Winding her golden tresses, " Why so sad
The moon," she asks, " the violet, and thou ?"

'Tis eve, how changed ! With added glory burns
The orient moon, and, now no more forlorn,
The violet drinks the sweet reviving breeze ;
And Laura to her oriel returns
In lovelier garb, with dearer charms, and sees
Me sad as erst she saw me in the morn.

II.

BAKCHISHERAI.—EVENING.



CROWDS stream out from the mosques,
 the Izan's sound
 Dies in the evening hush ; the western
 skies

Crimson like virgins ; rising silver-crown'd
 The queenly Moon to Night's embraces hies.

Those deathless odalisks of Heaven's hareem,
 The stars, unveil ; a lonely cloud is roll'd
 Past by the wind, so bears an azure stream
 A sleeping swan's white plumage, fringed with
 gold.

Cypress and minar shades here blended lie,
 Here giant rocks high council seem to keep,
 Like Eblis' senate, glooming all the mead.
 Sometimes a lightning, kindling by their steep,
 Furrows the silent space of sapphire sky,
 Like a lone Arab flying on his steed.

III.

ALOUPKA.—MORNING.

FROM the gaunt peaks the sailing vapours
 go ;
 Like prayers, the harvests murmur in
 the wind ;

Bow'd woods salute the sun ; like garnets glow
 Their fiery fruits, in massy foliage shrined.

The meadows wave with flowers, through all the air
 Bright butterflies, the animated spray
 Of diamond fountains, rise and fall, lo where
 The banded locusts darken o'er their prey !

The bald-brow'd rock frowns sternly on the wave,
 The waters chafe, and in their angry foam
 Sports a wild splendour, as in tigers' eyes,
 And gleams with wrath and hurricane to come.
 But the far sea is hush'd, and calm and grave
 As a proud swan each snowy vessel lies.

IV.

THE ROCK OF AIUDAH.



AIUDAH! See the blackening waves
advance

Against the shore, like armies to the
fray,


Then break in silvery clouds, while rainbows dance
In the long lines of diamonded spray!

They strike, they break, they die on the lagoon
Like stranded whales, their long triumphant swell
Now hides the prostrate shore, retreating soon
They leave the pearl, the coral, and the shell.

So, youthful bard, will Passion's surges roll
On thy young heart, but do thou seize the lyre
And wake the soul of music, at her hymn
The threatening floods will suddenly retire,
And on the strand of thy deliver'd soul
Leave songs whose splendours never shall be dim.

ANACREONTICS.

I.

 ROSE of all roses,
 Beautiful flower,
 Darling of Venus,
 Pride of the bower,
 Rosa is far thy
 Beauties above ;
 Roses are lovely,
 Rosa is love.
 As at the sunbreak
 Planets expire,
 So must thy crimson
 Pale and retire,
 Match'd with the blushes
 Glowing as May,
 Where the blind archer
 Ambusheth aye.
 Lovers' affection
 Thou can'st not see,

Cold are the Zephyr's
 Kisses to thee,
But a sweet sadness
 Silvers *her* eyes,
As my soft verses
 Hearing, she sighs.
On thy green stalk, then,
 Tranquil repose,
Why should I pluck thee ?
 I have my rose !

II.

Lucy, all sweetness,
 Beauty, and grace,
Whisper no longer,
 Look in my face.
Vows of affection
 Who shall believe ?
Eyes of affection
 What shall deceive ?
Some there are, doubtless,
 Who would rejoice
Listing the music
 Of thy sweet voice.

Mine be thy glances
Loving and true ;
Lips may dissemble,
Eyes never do !

BOCAGE.



SPRING.



OW blue
The heaven's hue !
How green

The meadows' sheen !
Above the green, below the azure, hark !
The clear-tongued carol of the merry lark !
That woos the sun out of his cloud
To list to her singing so loud.

How blue,
How green,
The heaven's hue,
The meadows' sheen !
Green is the mead, sky azure—verily
Thou'rt lovely, Spring—and a great fool am I
To sit in my chamber without thee,
Hamm'ring at verses about thee !

PETÖFI.*

* The Burns of Hungary.

O BLESSED NIGHT !



BLESSED Night ! I and my darling sit
 In her dear garden, and alone in it.
 All, all is still, save for a far hound's
 whining.

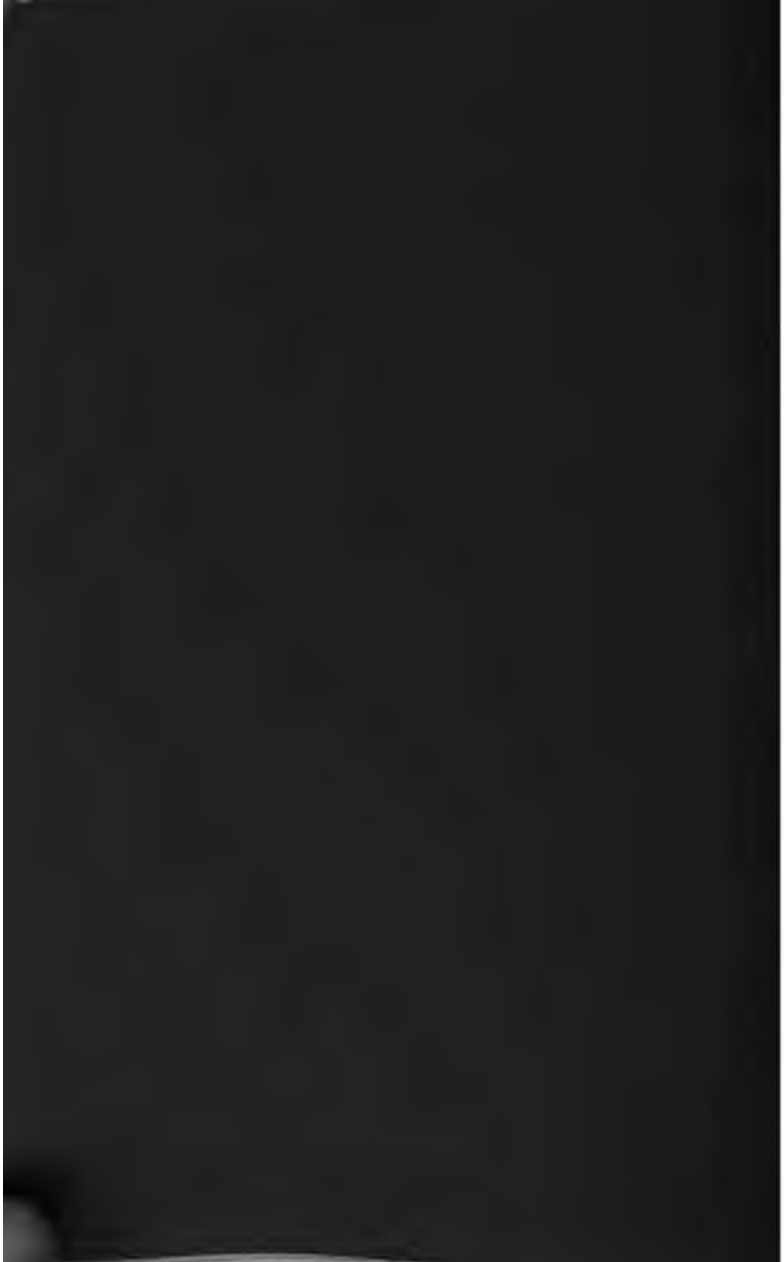
In heaven's blue height,
 With dreamy light,
 Moon and her star are shining.

A quiet star like yon I could not be,
 God knows. How blithe from the monotony
 Of Eden's space serene, of Abraham's bosom,
 Down would I wing
 Each evening
 To thee, my gentle blossom !

PETÖFI.

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